


**A Riful complaynt
of the publyke weale
to Englande.**

Publyke weale speaketh
h moſte noble realme of Englañd
Thy ſtate I fore lamente
now knowig how thou doſt ſtād
It makes my hart dolente

Thou haſt ben the worthyeſt lande
that euer god/hath wrought
Thou art not ſo I vnderſtande
Into myſerye arte thou brought

The cronacles of the/doth ſaye
Whych knew the in thy youthe
That of thy welth thou doſt decaye
and hath of the moche rathe

In thy fyrſt age/it was not ſo
Thy force then was well knowen
For thy ſtrong arme gaue ſuche a bloo
To the worlde thy fayme was blowen

Now be thy people wythouten harte
to ſe the in thys caſe
Beynge ſo weake/to take thy parte
Straungers/to come alas

Let me ſe/what is the cauſe
That thou art in thys dyſtreſſe

was euer realme/ had better lawes
O: people in moze Quietenes

Haste not thou/ the godlyest kynge
That euer ruled publyke weale
the worthiest gouernour in euer y thynge
And the most mercifullyst counsaile

Is not goddes worde de bulgated
And in all partes now known
That al people/ may be learned
To lyue and know they; owne

That therby loue and amytie
May dwell in euer y place
Iustyce peace and equitye
Shulde all mens hart embrace

Why then art thou altered
And fallen from thyne estate
Declare me holbe thou art decayed
And brought bnto thys rate.

¶ England aunſwereth.
Alas I am so sore oppresse
wyth sorowe grieve and payne

That

That wythout teares can be expresse
the wronge Whych I sustayne

What natural wold not wepe
To se my carefull state
My people they be turned to slepe
And my towne they be desolate

My groundes they be imparked
Corne felde for beastes foode
Poore by the ryche/are so pynched
that of my ground/they take no good.

For all that/is lytle ynoughe
For onely the ryche mans need
To make pasture/awaye wyth ploughe
That they maye cattel fead

And commens of auncient tyme
They make Generall landes
and close it in/wyth dyche and lyne
That poore men wringe theyr handes

hauyng not to feade hys kolwe
hys horse nether hys shepe
Nor no ground/to reare hys colwe
Or other cattell bpon to kepe

Thus

Thus the multitude be decayed
The stronge deuoure the weake
The poore beyng thes dysmayed
Dare not for theyr own speake

My Welth is turned / to Wretchednes
Plenteth is pynched to spare
My strength is turned to Weakenes
My cyrpes be boyde and bare.

My towne and castels in Ruine
My felde enclosed they be
the plowes now they sowe so thynne
that ruth it is for to see

The ryche casteth out theyr nette
and taketh all that comes
The neady walke in the strete
and begge about for cromes.

Suche offices / as heretofore
apparteined / to the romans ryght
Be taken awaye they get nomore
and geuen to Lorde or knyght

Marchauntes / they become lordes
and Lordes bleth / marchaundysle

A Lord

A lorde a Sheppard / nothyng accordes
O: a grayfyer / that is new gyle

Ryche men lyue by blysye
Craftes men / by dysceate
And byttelers / by subtilye
Poore mens goodes to get

Wha'thyng is it / that can fall
But it commeth vnto theyr handes
They be so gready / they katch by all
whether it be house o: landes

And all my other comodities
as leather / wolle / and leade
Tallow / tyn / and clothes
We from the commons sleade

And caryed into straunge landes
Other regyons for to enryche
So that my people haue Idle handes
and for neade fall in the dyche.

For euery man seaketh his owne
and for others doth not care
That he may lyue in welch alone
Yea though other be neuer so bare

J.M.

Thus

Thus is the mulcitude
Of they? lpynges destitute
and so decayeth my forsynde
whyche made my eneiynes in wote

All though goddes word be exhybyt
Abrode in all my lande
Yet fewe or none applye ther wytte
Gods wyll to vnderstande

But follo weth they? olde entent
and scrache bp all they can
Pluckynge from the innocent
To make theym a ryche man

Thus pouertie is bled god wote
that petye it is to beholde
They byte on hym lyke the knate
Tyll he be naked for colde

Now haue I tolde the/ the cause why
That my welth is so sore woꝛne
That yf ther be / found no remedy
They shall reu it / not yet boꝛne.

CTwo fautes escaped by the prynter, where ye rede
flepe, rede shepe, & where ye rede general, rede seuerall

Publyke weale answereth
Abold it not make/any hart breake
Thys to here of Englandes fall
Some good mā / for the commons speake
That ryche men marre not all.

God saue Edward our kyng
And hys counsellors so worthe
and send theym grace/to help thys thynge
For the weale of the communalte

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